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## THE VOICELESS ONE.

LAURA TIPPETTS and I had known one another from childhood. Our parents lived on opposite sides of the way in a highly respectable street in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square. I have heard people deny that that is a fashionable square, and that the streets in its immediate vicinity are fashionable streets, but I have never found any one to deny that both they and it are highly respectable. The very policemen on the different beats acknowledge that. There was never any such murder done in it as was attempted in that otherwise respectable street off the Strand the other day. There was once an attempt at suicide, which was the nearest approach to it that I can recollect, and that was only with charcoal, which is not horror-striking; besides, the perpetrator opened the window as soon as he felt the sense of suffocation very oppressive, though the reason he generally gave was, that just as he felt his senses going, it suddenly struck him he had an engagement next day in the city, which he had forgotten till that very moment. The bloodiest affair that I recollect in our street was an encounter between Master Tippetts and myself, differences having arisen upon the subject of fairly knocking-down at marbles; and I am bound to confess that the hæmorrhage he produced from what pugilists would call my proboscis, was extraordinary; but I am not without hopes that the reason for his wearing a green shade over one eye during several successive days from the date of our 'little affair,' might have been traced to an administration, upon my part, of what the gentlemen aforesaid denominate 'pepper.' He certainly said he had a pig-stye; but I regret to state that though Joe Tippetts had a great regard for appearances, he had little or none for truth.

How I became acquainted with Laura, was on this wise: We not only lived on opposite sides of the same street, but in exactly opposite houses; it followed, therefore, naturally, that we were constantly looking out at the window at the same time; we flattened our noses at corresponding panes of glass; we emulated each other in the capture of flies; we gave half-pennies to the same organ-grinders; we bought milk from the same cow (for in Mecklenburghia they do, or did when I was young, drive about a live cow and sell real milk from it); we imitated the same 'buy-a-broom' girl; and, sad to relate,

we occasionally made faces at one another. Moreover, we walked in the same spots, and bowled our hoops in the same localities; so that one day, when Laura and I were coming at full hoop-speed in opposite directions, these came into collision, and rolled together into the road. As the only son of a poor widow, I had, of course, even at eight years old, been taught a certain amount of gallantry; I therefore recovered both hoops, and as I returned Laura hers, with a somewhat sheepy air, said: 'Hollo! I know you; your name's Laura Tippetts.'

'So do I know you,' said she with childish frankness; 'your name's Robert Jacket, and you're always making faces at me.'

She was only just nine years old, and already had feminine tact enough to take a mean advantage. It's my firm belief that she commenced making faces; but by cleverly bringing the accusation against me, she stood upon some kind of vantage-ground. However, I answered sulkily: 'So are you at me.' To which she had the impertinence to reply: 'Rude boys must be rudely treated,' as if she had been my grandmother. Then she stole another march upon me: seeing me rather nonplussed, she inquired suddenly: 'How did you know my name?' This was a question easily answered, so I replied with a readiness that must have carried conviction to any mind: 'Your servant told our servant, and she told me. How did you know mine?' Had I been a little older, I might have drawn an argument from my own confession; but as it was, I asked the question with some anxiety, and she replied, holding up her forefinger slyly: 'Oh, a little bird told me.' And though I didn't believe it, I didn't like to say so, but remained dumb, wondering within me whether she had mysterious sources of information which were closed to me. In later years this has helped to confirm an opinion I entertain, that girls at a very early age receive from their mammas private instruction in artfulness; for you must have noticed how, when little girls are going out to walk or play with little boys, mammas always call the former aside, and converse with them apart for a few minutes; and during that short conversation many hints, I feel certain, are given for the entanglement in their talk of guileless and pantaloonless young gentlemen; else I am at a loss to conceive how it is reconcilable with the assertion, that the male is by nature the superior animal, that little boys have always the worst of it in wordy combat with little girls.

Laura, however, seeing that I was nonplussed, and had never heard of the communications whispered by feathered messengers, fearful, I suppose, lest the spirit of scepticism should lead me to ask unanswerable questions, hastened to change the subject; and as we walked home together, with Master Tippetts, who was not partial to strangers, sulking in the rear, she inquired what I was going to be when I grew up, to which question I promptly answered: 'A general.'

'Why, was your papa a general?'

'No, my papa was only a major.'

'Then, how do you know you'll be a general?'

'Oh! ma says I shall. She says pa would have been, only he died so young.'

'But do you think you'll ever be tall enough to be a general? Why, the gentleman who drills my brother is a head taller than my papa, and he is only a captain.'

'Do you mean old Stocks?'

'Yes, I do: Captain Stocks.'

'Do you know he isn't a real captain?'

'Oh! yes, he is; I heard pa call him so.'

'Well, ma says he isn't: she says he was pa's servant once, and he never was higher than a sergeant. She says he wouldn't salute her when he meets her in the street, if he'd been a captain; and people only call him captain 'cos they think he likes it, and a captain can charge more money than a sergeant.'

Hereupon, and before the knotty point was settled, we arrived at Laura's door, at which stood Mrs Tippetts, newly arrived from a shopping expedition, who, seeing me in company with her children, took the liberty (and I considered it a great liberty) of patting my cheek, shewed a perfect familiarity with my name, habits, place of abode, &c., and concluded by asking me to come in and drink tea with Laura and her brother; which I did, after running home first to 'ask mamma.' And so it came to pass that I grew intimate with Laura, and that my mamma became intimate with Laura's; for of course, after my tea-drinking, my mamma called to thank Mrs Tippetts for her kindness. It was a fatal day for me in many ways. I certainly reaped some advantages from the connection, but I as certainly reaped some disadvantages, not the least of which was a generous offer made by Mr Tippetts, when he became sufficiently acquainted with my mother, to administer any corporal punishment which my mother might consider likely to be of service to me in after-life. This offer, I grieve to say, my (I speak with all filial respect) misguided parent accepted; and the consequence was, I both feared Mr Tippetts and hated him with the hatred of the flogged. Nor did he always wait to be asked—had he done so, I think my sufferings would not have been very great—but taking a mean advantage of the inch which had been allowed him, he increased it beyond an ell; and putting himself completely *in loco parentis*, chastised me on his own account, and so robbed me of the only source—such as it was—of congratulation which I had derived from my fatherless condition, when I observed the frequency with which Mr Tippetts invited his son to private interviews in the study, the reluctance exhibited by Master Tippetts to avail himself of the paternal confidence, the rushing, swishing sound, as of a wind-bowed branch in the leafy month of June, that was to be heard by standing sentry at the keyhole, and the smothered cries that succeeded the swish, as of a little boy in agony who is forcibly held in a prone position.

So vividly was Mr Tippetts connected in my mind with such recollections, that afterwards, when I went to school, and had a Greek grammar with a picture upon the title-page of Solomon chastising his son, I took it for granted that it was intended to represent a scene between old Tippetts and his offspring, and wrote their names under the respective figures; nor could I be easily brought to understand

that I had confounded Mr Tippetts with the Wise King; for of wisdom Mr Tippetts was, I think, guiltless, nor could he be accused of letting justice interfere with his penal arrangements.

This, I think, is apparent from the treatment I experienced at his hands in the matter of our baker. The baker who supplied the families of Tippetts and Jacket with their daily bread was a worthy man, but to whom I 'cottoned' immensely in those early years. He was the happy possessor of a cart and a very fast pony, and it was my delight to get him to take me with him now and then, when he went his daily rounds. He, kind soul, not only indulged me, but entertained me on the road with stories of his life, with accounts of fluctuations in the price of flour, which I could not comprehend, and with new buns *gratis*, which were exactly suited to my apprehension. To all these delights I introduced Laura and her brother, and many joyous drives did we take together in the friendly baker's cart; but one unlucky day, as we were returning full of glee, in tip-top spirits, and with currant bun in fist, we suddenly turned a corner, and nearly ran over Mr Tippetts. I wished we had, a few minutes after, for it cost me many a tear. Old Tippetts held a consultation with my mother and his wife, and the result was that I had a difficulty in sitting down for some hours. I was found guilty of forming low acquaintances, and introducing the young Tippetts to them, and fear was expressed that unless I were checked in my career, I should make a melancholy ending upon the gallows. The poor baker was severely reprimanded, and I was severely punished. And yet there was not one of my grander friends who would take me out for drives, tell me stories of their lives, and gratify my taste for currant buns. Perhaps they had more to be ashamed of in their lives than my honest friend the baker. There was an offer made to pay him for his buns, whereas he very properly waxed indignant: he said it wasn't his desire to 'pison the minds of the young gentlefolks, he liked to see chil'un happy; what they'd had, they was welcome to: and as for their parents' custom, he didn't want it partickler, and they might take it som'eres else, if they liked.' I am happy to say my mother thanked him on the sly, but she was a lone widow, and too weak to battle with the world. Old Tippetts talked very big to her, and she acquiesced, but was not convinced. The baker never spoke to me again after the unfortunate occurrence, but he always greeted me with a sad, kind smile, as though he felt he was an injured man, but knew that it wasn't my fault. Lie lightly on that baker, earth, when he goes beneath thy upper crust!

Laura and I talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion it was a great shame; and so openly did we shew our feelings, that I was very soon sent to school. I now saw Laura only in the holidays; but during them we were as intimate as ever. It was perfectly understood that we were to be married so soon as our respective ships came home; and our respective parents tacitly and smilingly consented to the union. But alack for early loves! I had left school, having reached the manly age of fifteen; I had been delivered over to the watchful care of a reverend gentleman, who lived in 'a beautifully situated parsonage' not far from town, and who prepared young gentlemen for passing those examinations which are necessary to be passed by aspirants for future field-marshalships; I had the opportunity of associating with other young gentlemen of the same heroic tendencies with myself, of the same promises, on the part of their doting mothers, of generalships in the army, of manlier age—for one was eighteen—of more experience in society, and of greater pecuniary means; I had the inestimable advantage of breakfasting, dining, teasing, dancing, and flirting with the reverend gentleman's two daughters, under the supervision of their mamma; I frequently went out to the

neighbours' parties, and saw a galaxy of youthful beauty; and in conversation with my manner, more experienced, more fashionable, more wealthy companions, canvassed the 'points' of our fair acquaintances. I regret to say that the result was unfavourable to Laura; for I learned what were embellishments, and what were blemishes, about which I had hitherto never dreamed in connection with Laura. We had been like brother and sister, and I had never yet thought of 'eying her over.' But now, when I heard an opinion expressed that a certain otherwise very estimable young lady was 'a dowdy,' it flashed upon me all on a sudden that if that were the case, then Laura was 'a dowdy also.' When our chief authority declared that though Bella Brail was 'a decent sort of little gal,' no 'feller' could think seriously of a 'gal' that kicked up her dress with her heels when she walked, and shewed all the sole of her shoe, I bethought me with dismay that that was exactly what Laura did, and it certainly does not look pretty. When he affirmed, moreover, that a projecting tooth was enough to spoil any mouth, and added, facetiously, that the osculatory process might be attended with casualties under such circumstances, I remembered sadly that Laura had a little tusk of that description; and when he ended with a violent denunciation of all 'gals' who had chilblains, and vowed that he would sooner throw up his commission (when he got it) than marry a 'red-wristed, sausage-fingered gal,' my heart smote me grievously, for I had often sympathised with Laura on her sufferings from chilblains, before I had been instructed in the value of external appearances.

I thought he was rather a brute, and I felt inclined to hate him, but somehow his words sank into my soul, and I pondered upon them deeply. Not long after, I saw poor Laura, and it was in winter. I determined to watch her narrowly. I walked out with her, and examined her gait: yes, the heels went up behind like a monthly nurse's; the projecting tooth was obvious to the naked eye; her chilblains she complained of with touching candour; and the dowdiness of her expansive bonnet, shawl wrinkled round the neck, gloves of cloth, and great snow-boots, was undeniable. But then there was her kind, frank, loving face; her wavy hair; her hazel eyes; her cheerful, friendly voice; and all that the 'authority' had said vanished for the moment from my mind. But 'constancy lives in realms above.' When I arrived at my own abode, that confounded 'authority's' words recurred to me; I reflected once more upon them; and all the horrors connected with chilblains, dowdiness, projecting tooth, and kick-up heels once more crowded in upon my mind. Is it possible, thought I, that I could sit at table three hundred and sixty-five days in the year opposite no matter how sweet a creature, who in summer would probably fan herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and in winter would continually rub one foot against the other with an expression of face indicative of irritating anguish, and would wear upon her hands a pair of mutilated black kid gloves, from which protruded, as it were, sticks of living beet-root! For I hold that the question which should be asked a man or woman at marriage-time is not, 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?' but, 'Dost thou think thou canst sit at table opposite this woman three hundred and sixty-five days in a year without becoming desperate?' And I came to the conclusion that in Laura's case I couldn't. However, I determined not to be a scoundrel without a struggle; and I remembered how a young lady whom I had known, who was a great deal more dowdier than Laura, had far worse chilblains, kicked her heels up higher, and blushed whenever you spoke to her, had, after spending a year in a boarding-school at Brighton, undergone a complete mutation, threw on her shawl in a truly exquisite manner, cocked her

bonnet in the archest fashion, handled her muff with a defiant air, drew out of it the whitest fingers you ever saw, marched like a drill-sergeant, and reserved her blushes for particular occasions, if, indeed, she ever indulged in the weakness.

Even the projecting tooth might be made to disappear, for I have known young ladies subjected to much torture for the sake of even teeth; and there are at Brighton lady-principals with very correct notions upon the duty of enduring anything for the improvement of personal appearance, and dentists who perfectly agree with the lady-principals that it is surely worth a guinea. However, I was to be relieved of my embarrassment in the most unexpected manner. I had passed my examination notwithstanding the assistance of the Rev. Mr Cramb and his wife and his daughters, had been gazetted, and was to 'join,' in a few days. My destiny was Winchester: it was therefore necessary to call at the Tippetts', and say good-bye. Mrs Tippetts was engaged just at present, sir; but Miss Tippetts was at home, and would see me if I pleased. I was a little anxious, for I had made up my mind to speak in an open, frank, fraternal manner to Laura; remind her how young we both were, and how ignorant of the world; and let her know, in the most handsome manner, and in the most delicate way, that should she see during my absence (as was very probable) anybody whom she preferred to me, she might candidly inform me, and that I should not hold her bound by childish, thoughtless promises.

As I was worrying myself with surmises as to the best way of setting about my awkward task, the door opened, and Laura appeared. She came towards me, I thought, rather nervously, and though her lips moved, not a word escaped them; then she looked earnestly in my face, and smiled. 'Dear me,' thought I, 'this is a great deal more emotion than I expected; I'm only going to Winchester.' Meanwhile, we had both taken seats, and Laura, to my astonishment, drew her chair so close to mine that they touched; then she looked in my eyes again, smiled again in melancholy fashion, and again her lips moved without a word escaping. 'This is very odd,' I said to myself: 'she can't mean to make a definite proposal; it isn't leap-year, for you can't divide the last two figures of the year by four without a remainder.'

And now her eyes began to fill with tears, and I felt that something tender was expected of me; so I was just stealing my arm round her waist, when she jumped up angrily, shook her head vehemently, and began talking deaf and dumb on her fingers. I made out 'I h-a-v-e l-o,' when I interrupted her immediately: 'I know you have, Laura,' I cried, 'and so have I loved you; but you see we are both so young and so inexperienced—and—and—I really—don't feel—quite—equal to it—just yet.'

Poor Laura put her hands before her face, and left the room sobbing. What I had done I hardly knew, beyond the fact, that I had somehow made a fool of myself, when enter Mrs Tippetts in a high state of excitement. 'So, sir,' says she, without the usual salutatory compliments, 'you have commenced your military manners already; you come intoxicated into a respectable house, and insult the daughter of respectable parents. Not a word, sir; I'll not hear you. Laura tells me that you interrupted her with the most unfeeling and insulting nonsense whilst she was explaining to you that, from cold, she had lost her voice!'

Apology was useless; Mrs Tippetts was inexorable; even my mother's mediation only extorted a promise, that after a year's probation I might perhaps be forgiven; but, of course, Laura and I could never be at our ease again together; and I have often wondered whether it was for good or for evil that I jumped so hastily to the conclusion that 'l-o' must be the beginning of 'love.' At anyrate, Laura went



to a boarding-school at Brighton, lost her chilblains, and recovered her voice, so that there is no fear now of her misleading any one with the deaf and dumb alphabet.

### POLICE.

SOCIETY has more hands than Briareus, and more eyes than Argus, but those eyes and hands must be variously employed. That Shibboleth of the political economists, the systematic division of labour, is the key-stone of civilisation; indeed, the greater the progress made by any nation, the fewer are the accomplishments of the individuals who compose it. The 'handyman,' the Jack-of-all-trades, is seldom the citizen of a very wealthy or refined commonwealth. It is well for the savage that he can shape his own bow and arrows, make his fishing-tackle and traps, build his canoe and wigwam, and stitch his own moccasins with sinew-thread and a bone-needle; but we have no such requirements. With us, indeed, whole classes are devoted to a single office, to making the head of a pin, to dipping matches in phosphorus, or to manufacturing the twenty-fifth of a watch.

Of course, with these minute subdivisions of the duties of life, it cannot be expected that we should personally and at all times be ready to protect the property of self and neighbours. We cannot be always on guard against Black Will, the garrotteer, or Bill Centrebit, the eminent cracksmen; still less can we undertake to hunt down Mr Slippery, the fraudulent bankrupt, or to pursue, through all his doubles and disguises, that commercial Proteus, Mr Bolt, the defaulting cashier; we therefore maintain a body of professional persons, hardy enough and astute enough to perform those not very agreeable offices.

But before the police system attained to its present state of comparative excellence, mankind had to endure much. So long as the king or chief, elected or patriarchal, can find time to administer justice, the policeman remains in embryo. A monarch will probably have certain henchmen or servants ready to do his bidding, while the ruler of a petty tribe can call on the assembly of the people to give force to his words. But the salaried magistrate soon finds that he has need of a body of hard-handed satellites. Accordingly, in all Oriental countries, from Japan to Morocco, we find the court of the cadi or mandarin is garrisoned by a number of active myrmidons; these persons, by whatever name they may be called, are identical with the 'tormentors' mentioned in the New Testament; these are they who 'should have examined' St Paul in the grim Roman fortress, but who had no power to exercise their cruelty on the person of one claiming citizen's rights. The eastern policeman is at once thief-taker, jailer, and torturer, with a strong dash of the strangler and the headman. He is always ready to administer the bastinado in the most approved style, and prides himself on the skill with which he can bring down the heavy bamboo in succession on each individual toe of the roaring offender. Indeed, he is more fond of punishing evil-doers than of capturing them, especially when resistance is to be looked for. But his sphere of action is purely local; he is attached to a court, and confined to the limits of a city, and thus is only amenable to the orders of a single magistrate.

Turkey alone, a state which has copied, though in a vague and feeble fashion, the institutions of its neighbours, possesses a force of police, on foot and horseback, adapted to patrol the roads, and in some degree to provide for the general safety. This is, however, a precaution not much to Oriental taste; most Mussulman countries leave the roads to take care of themselves, and concentrate all their efforts against the pilferers of the bazaar.

Hellas did not devote much care to matters of police; very small communities seldom do. In Athens, Thebes, or Sparta, every man's business was pretty well known to his neighbours. Great offenders were dealt with by something very like Lynch law: and petty-larceny rogues were readily secured by the myrmidons at the beck of the Archons or the Andres Dikastai. Most of the smaller transgressors were slaves, and these were easily chastised by their owners. A riot was quelled by expostulation on the part of the more popular seniors of the city; and where all were known by repute one to another, the weight of public opinion did much that would be impossible under other circumstances.

It was not thus in Rome. A great magistrate of the republic valued above all other privileges that of being preceded by the fasces, the twigs that were to scourge minor sinners, the axe to which naughty necks should bow. The number of lictors attached to the person of every chief official was carefully defined by law; but the statutes placed no limit to the amount of precursors, apparitors, and miscellaneous retainers, who might haunt the tribunal of a judge, and these increased as the pristine virtues waned. The quaestors and censors were legally empowered to perform many duties which we now intrust to vestries, Boards of Health, coroners, stipendiary magistrates, and the public press. Their business it was to ferret out nuisances, to enforce sumptuary rules, to check evils, and, in short, to make the Romans virtuous by act of senate. They failed in the loftier objects which they undertook, but they did some good. Their troubles, like those of other persons in office, were both lightened and aggravated by the influence of the nobility. The patricians of Rome, than whom the world has never seen an aristocracy more haughty, warlike, and greedy at once of honour and gold, saved the magistrates a world of trouble. They would whip and chain their own faulty slaves; they had their private jail and their peculiar tormentor, and they could set plenty of hands in motion to enforce their fiat without troubling the lictors.

But their clients, the turbulent trenchermen who wore my lord's colours, and bore his name and ate his bread on a feast-day, these were not to be roughly hauled before a common court of justice. So much of a senator's power depended on the noisy freemen who hung about him like the 'tail' of a Highland chief, that he could not but protect them in any little difficulty with the law. They fought, too, at times—these quarrelsome dignitaries—not man to man, but mob to mob. Claudius and his clients and servants would come to blows in the streets or highway with Fabius and his hangers-on and domestics; and on the occasion of these riots, the authorities seem to have been quite passive, as if utterly incompetent to keep the peace.

Our northern ancestors borrowed many inventions from the unripe civilisation of old Italy, but not in this instance. They devised a system of their own, which prevailed throughout Scandinavia and Low Germany, and which, in England, has come down to our own day: they invented the constable. Mutual responsibility was the great principle on which our forefathers relied; so far as they could manage it, every man was bail for somebody else, or bound to look after somebody else, or responsible in purse for the damage that might possibly be done by somebody else. It was quite in accordance with this theory of theirs to elect a constable for each parish or ward. This official was chosen *volens volens*, filled his post for a limited time, and exercised no insignificant authority during the tenure of his place. Women, if householders and taxpayers, were eligible as well as men, and in such case, were compelled to serve by proxy of some son, kinsman, or hireling.

It never, very probably, entered into the heads of

the old Teutons, whether in isle or on mainland, to attire their constable in uniform, and to pay him a stipend, still less to require of him the strict obedience to discipline, and the sacrifice of time and sleep, to which our modern divisions, from A to Z, must submit. The constable was emphatically a freeman, a householder, and a man of property; he had that 'stake in the country' of which we used to hear so much when the corn-laws were tottering. He farmed, or ground corn, or sold nut-brown ale, and was in all respects such a man as his neighbours, till crime shewed its ugly face in the village; then, indeed, Mr Constable went to the chimney-corner, took down from its peg the official staff, and became at once the tremendous representative of Law. While engaged on the public business, in escorting offenders to jail, in attending executions, witch-trials, whippings, or the like, the constable was paid rather for loss of time than for the execution of his duty. During the rest of the year he lived as his compeers lived, and neither asked nor obtained a salary. The institution was cheap. It worked tolerably well, especially in cases where the popular sentiment backed the decrees of justice. In a thinly peopled district, where there were few crimes save theft, and where prowling strangers were eyed suspiciously, the constable sped fairly enough. If a riot had to be quelled, or an arrest made in cases where the heart of the people yearned towards the culprit, the constable's magic staff became but as a broken reed.

This result, however, was not surprising. A man chosen from the great mass of mankind must cease to be of them before he will act against their wishes and their ideas. It is perfectly possible to organise a body of men, whether as soldiers or police, who shall be the blind instruments of power, and as proof against sympathy with the public as the weapons they wear. But for this purpose, old ties must be snapped, and new interests created, and the most essential feature of the constable was, that he was a free citizen, singled out to exercise certain duties in behoof of right and law.

The great towns were unable to preserve even a moderate degree of order without some more ample arrangements than those which maintained the king's peace in Stoke Pogis and Chartham Parva. The burghers themselves supplied a civic guard to watch the gates and walls, as well as to patrol the streets. These duties were not negligently discharged. The honest traffickers were too much afraid of the marauding lords without, to omit the needful task of keeping a vigilant eye on the bulwarks of their city; they were also too keenly interested in the security of their booths and warehouses, to be very tolerant of the presence of light-fingered knaves of lower rank; they turned out in armour, therefore, and made the tour of the streets, stopping and questioning all rufflers, lurkers, and suspicious persons, carrying brawlers to the cage, and chiding those who kept late hours.

The unpaid magistrates of England had no other myrmidons to do their bidding than the parish constable, and such special constables as they might be pleased to swear in, in the event of any notable emergency. The sheriffs were accustomed to hire, and to dress in their livery, a certain band of irregular subordinates, the predecessors of those modern javelin-men who still form a prominent feature at assizes. But the sheriff's main dependence was in two especial institutions of the realm, the *Hue and Cry*, and the *posse comitatus*. The former of these was a man-hunt organised by authority. When a swift highwayman, horse-stealer, or other fugitive offender had 'fled the country,' he was pursued in the most blatant and tumultuous manner, with blowing of horn, and outcry of voices, and all within hearing were required, under pains and penalties, to join the chase. Our modern halloo of 'stop thief,' every year more rarely heard, is

but a feeble copy of those robber-hunts of the old time, when the runaway would be followed for half the length of a county by a whirlwind of legal vengeance. In days when there was no telegraph, and no detectives, and when more than half the island was a deer-haunted waste, it was of the utmost consequence to capture criminals 'red-handed,' and for this purpose the *Hue and Cry* was useful enough.

The *posse comitatus* was generally employed against rebels, seditious assemblages, or troublesome barons. It answered to the *levée en masse* of the French, and no able-bodied person, not in holy orders, was licensed to disobey the sheriff's summons to the field. The regular militia, under the lord-lieutenants, was only called out in time of war, civil or foreign. But without a formal muster of the train-bands, the sheriff had the right of assembling in arms as many persons as might be necessary to vindicate the majesty of law. Meanwhile the landed aristocracy, the principal clergy, and the first magistrates of towns, had established a sort of police of their own; every lord of a manor had his reeve or bailiff, as in Scotland each barony maintained its bailie, and these again had subalterns called 'followers.' A curious sight must our country have presented when there were many kings of Brentford, when every peer or great squire could hold his court leet, levying fines and issuing decrees, and when, in the northern part of the island, countless hereditary jurisdictions had the power of inflicting death or mutilation.

In the middle ages, too, arose that great creature, the Beadle. The latter, as his name implies, was of French origin. He was attached, not only to cathedrals and important clerical foundations, but to tribunals, jails, and metropolitan parishes. The chief duty of the medieval Bumble was to scourge offenders, especially women; but he united many of the tasks of the modern policeman with those of the professional flogger. Besides the beadle, there were ushers of court, town-serjeants, sheriff-officers, bailiffs, mace-men, tipstaves, and other servants of Themis. The most absurd and pernicious results followed this minute parcelling out of the land into local jurisdictions. It was safer to snatch a purse in one place than to purloin a hank of thread or a turnip elsewhere. Thus, the thieves, in their profane parody on the litany, coupled Hull and Halifax with Pandemonium itself, while in the south there was less fear of detection and less stringency of punishment.

The grand constables of all countries belonging to Western Europe were among the most important officers of state; they frequently led armies to battle, but their peculiar privilege was that of arresting potent offenders against the suzerain.

The Holy Roman Empire, so called, set the fashion in doing honour to those grim dignitaries whose duties were discharged on the dismal stage which the scaffold afforded. The headsman, throughout great part of the continent, held his post by hereditary right. Each considerable city had its dynasty of executioners, with a residence, a stipend, and certain perquisites. Some of these families yet retain the place of trust which their forefathers held; their chief is ready to perform the bloody tasks, now happily infrequent. Immemorial tradition, and use which lessens marvel, prevent these persons from viewing their trade with the horror and repugnance which it inspires, among even the vilest and most debased. The hereditary executioner of Bruges, for instance, may be seen on any summer's day, busy among his tulips, a mild, lethargic Fleming, though sprung from a race of professional blood-shedders.

In Scotland, the hangman was always viewed with deep disgust and abhorrence. It was the shower of stones aimed at the finisher of the law, which provoked Captain Porteous to give the fatal command to fire on the crowd. In England, the hangman was an object of antipathy; while in France, he was treated

with an enforced respect, and called by the name of Monsieur de Paris, Monsieur de Lille, and the like. Our ancient sovereigns were fond of calling in the aid of foreign talent: noble and royal heads were usually bowed beneath a French axe. It was the executioner of Calais who beheaded Queen Anne Boleyn. The difficulty of bringing powerful offenders to justice, led, in South Germany, to the establishment of the Fehmgericht, that invisible community before which emperors trembled. So strange a league, working in so mystic and hidden a manner, afforded such tempting materials to the romancer, that it is not easy to separate the viewless judges from Scott's and Spiedler's novels. But there is little doubt that the institution did much good and much harm. It was well that the most exalted criminal in that turbulent age should be arraigned at a bar, and before a tribunal, whose authority was not to be defied or tampered with; it was well that the robber-baron, high up in his rock-cradled eyry of a castle, with all his steel-coated retainers keeping ward there, should be cited to appear before his judges, as fearlessly as if he were a mere hind or fisher. Nor need we be very sorry when, in spite of guards and gates, the dagger or the cord punished the sins which kaisers and prince-bishops refused to chastise. But all secret societies, however pure and righteous their original aims, are likely to have those aims warped to evil ends. The members of the league could not resist the longing to pay off grudges and feudal hates, to remove the rival and the enemy, and that tremendous ostracism of theirs must have brought to destruction as many innocent heads as guilty ones. At last men learned that Justice is a plant that only thrives in the daylight, and the Fehmgericht collapsed for ever.

A more praiseworthy institution was the Holy Brotherhood of Spain, before at least the Inquisition obtained full mastery over its workings. This was merely an association of the rich and respectable classes of Spaniards, to insure the safety of travellers, and to sweep the roads of the banditti who infested them. But in time the highwaymen were neglected, that heretics, relapsed Moriscoes, secret Jews, and other foes of the church, might feel the full weight of the secular arm, and the auto da fé supplanted the assizes. As for the regular police of Spain, the alguazils, whose portraits Le Sage sketched so cleverly, they were but a greedy band of extortioners and bullies, more terrible to those who had anything to lose than to the brigands of the road.

The Turkish police at Constantinople stood once in high repute. The cadis used to make the round of the shops and stalls, inspecting weights and measures, and with summary strictness nailing the ears of dishonest traders to their own doorposts; but bribery, the curse of most southern nations, at last proved fatal to the integrity of Moslem magistrates, and even-handed justice became but a tradition.

Paris, in old times, was a disorderly city enough. Cloak-snatching was once the favourite trick of the French swell-mob; and the embroidered mantles, in velvet or fine cloth, which were worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were boldly torn from their owners' shoulders at noonday. Street-robbery was as common in old Paris as in modern Mexico. The astute police, who were first organised by Richelieu, and afterwards fostered by Louis the Grand, cared little for vulgar picking of pockets. They were very shrewd and skilful, but they were eternally occupied in snaring spies, in ferreting out plots, and in tracking traitors. The exempts, a small but choice force, answered to our detectives, but were almost wholly employed in hunting down political offenders, and transporting them to the Bastille. The *Maréchaussée*, however, a mounted body of men who patrolled the highways, and the archers of the watch

in Paris, proved themselves of some real utility against malefactors.

It would be unjust to the police of early days not to take note of a serious stumbling-block which the superstition and negligence of the age threw in their way. In London, as in Paris and elsewhere, the ancient privilege of sanctuary was grossly abused. The Chink, the Mint, and the purlieus of Westminster Abbey, shared with Whitefriars and the Savoy the right of sheltering fugitives from law. The Church of Rome fell, as far as Britain was concerned, but the old immunities remained. To be sure, debtors alone had a strict right to the freedom from arrest which a residence within those charmed precincts afforded; but the forger, the cut-purse, and the burglar, with all others who dreaded and deserved punishment, crowded into the magic spot, and bade defiance to society. No writ would run in Alsatia, or the pettier dens where villany and vice collected in unwholesome proximity to the great thoroughfares; no warrant could be executed, save by a military force. It was not until the reign of William III. that these abuses were put an end to.

About the period of Queen Anne, thief-taking seems to have become a regular calling. The thief-takers of that day were the predecessors of the Bow Street runners of sixty years since. Both classes of officers were hardy and dexterous, and much dreaded by the light-fingered members of the community; but they were not very scrupulous, nor of high moral character; they lived in familiar intercourse with the rogues whose depredations they ought to have checked, and they rather encouraged than thwarted crime; indeed, to a thief-taker of the stamp to which Jonathan Wild belonged, Rascaldom was a farm whose crops were to be fostered in the hope of profit. Such a man freely accepted tribute from the highway heroes of the time, counted his felons as a grazer his sheep, and seldom brought a robber to the gallows till he was 'ripe,' and the reward for his capture worth having. Highwaymen were frequently great dandies, with laced coats, fifty-guinea periwigs, diamond rings, silver-hilted swords, and a watch in each pocket. The thief-takers ensnared them as much for the sake of this finery, especially when the robber's purse was likely to be a weighty one, as for the reward offered by government; and an act of parliament was passed to render lawful this spoiling the spoiler. The authorities of our own and other countries made one capital mistake; they were lax in the pursuit of malefactors, but most rigorous in the treatment of such as were unlucky or clumsy enough to drop into the clutches of justice. The net of the law had large meshes and unseemly rents, through which many fish of all sizes slipped securely. Not only was the system of police so defective, that any criminal of daring and address had a light task in escaping research, but the smallest technical flaw in an indictment was enough to quash the proceedings. If a felon were put to the bar as George, having been christened Peter, he was safe. If the grand jury found a true bill against Richard So-and-so, the rogue had but to prove that his sponsors had done him the good service to call him John, and the doors of the Old Bailey flew open at once. A name misspelt, the omission of a word in the legal documents, put an end to the trial. And at the same time human life was constantly sacrificed at Tyburn, in atonement of little pickings and stealings, which in our time a month's oakum or crank would expiate. Our ancestors had no perception of the great truth, clear as the noonday, that no severity towards a few can counteract the bad effects of the impunity of many wrongdoers. It is not excessive punishment which can deter mankind from wrong; it is the certainty of conviction; and we have found that the best plan is to catch criminals in the mass, and then to temper justice with mercy. Policeman X is a better school-master than the hangman.



The watchmen, who appear to have been called heedless until the accession of Queen Anne, were, during nearly two centuries, the regular guardians of order in London and other great cities. With their long, many-caped coats, their rattles, and their hourly announcement of the weather and the time of night, they were a picturesque feature of the past. Many now alive can remember the monotonous chant of their tremulous old voices, their frouzy gabardines, their clubs and lanterns. They had watch-boxes, too, in which they were presumed to shunt themselves up when brawls prevailed in the dark streets, and broken heads were imminent. Nor was this precaution wholly superfluous. The wild youngsters about town, from the Scourers and Mohocks, down to the boxing Bloods of 1820, used to count beating the watch among their choicest amusements. Indeed, if we may believe Dr Lingard's account of one to whom a Romanist chronicler bears no good-will, the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of Albemarle passed their swords through the body of the beadle of St James's, and killed him as he knelt to beg his life, in that Augustan reign of Charles II. The watchmen were infirm old men for the most part—timid and slow, and wholly unfit for their duties. The 'runners' of the Bow Street office were more competent, but not wholly trustworthy. In the country, special constables had to be appointed whenever an important caption was necessary, and our modern protectors would smile at the little service rendered by these amateurs. Thus, in 1729, one Mr John Bostock, an absconding stockbroker from London, was arrested in Cornwall. The fugitive was a man of great size and strength; but had he been a Bengal tiger or one of the Anakim, he could hardly have given more trouble. Five men, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in capturing Mr John Bostock; it took nearly twenty constables to convey Mr John Bostock to Bodmin jail; and in the course of a week, Mr John Bostock broke out of prison, to be captured again, however, by multitudes of circumambient Cornishmen, and sent under guard to Newgate. It was often found needful to employ dragoons to patrol the heaths and commons near London, as a safeguard against highwaymen, who were at length scared away by the institution of a mounted patrol. But the reform is not of very long standing. There are still those who call our blue-coated guardians the New Police, and Sir Robert Peel was heartily abused by many lovers of old habits and shortcomings for providing too well for the security of our tills and plate-baskets. The Rural Police were still more unpopular at first than the metropolitan force, but, gradually and slowly, county after county adopted the innovation, and have found the benefit of it in improved morals and a perceptible decrease of crime.

#### THE FIRST BONAPARTE AND THE JEWS.

In the long-drawn-out tragedy of Jewish history since the capture of Jerusalem by the son of Vespasian, there are few gleams of light. The weary procession of centuries offers to the inquirer a monotony of persecution, relieved only by exterminating outbursts of popular savagery, such as the excitement of the crusading spirit called forth against the unhappy race. Few and far between were their benefactors. The short reign of the Emperor Julian lasted but twenty months. In the golden age of Mohammedan learning in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Spain, they enjoyed a short interval of comparative sunshine, and gave earnest of what they could accomplish under favourable conditions. The Reformation brought no alleviation of their condition. It was not until the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century had passed its meridian that the Jew felt that the dawn of a happier day had broken at last. The movements towards the emancipation of the Jews which

have characterised the public life of every civilised nation during the last hundred years, afford in themselves alone material for a good-sized History. Nowhere has this tendency manifested itself more rapidly and profoundly than in France. Previous to the French Revolution of 1789—excluding the Rhonian provinces taken from Germany—Bordeaux and Bayonne were the only towns where a Jew could lawfully reside. The great financier whom the Emperor of the French has lately recalled with so much *éclat* to his councils, is one of the circumcision. It is well known that since 1831 appropriations have been made by the state for the salaries of the rabbis, and the maintenance of the schools and synagogues of the Jewish community.

The most remarkable episode in the history of Jewish emancipation, not merely in France, but in the civilised world, is the assembly of deputies and sanhedrim held at Paris in 1806 and the following year. In the midst of his grave pre-occupations, the Emperor Napoleon, on May 30, 1806, issued a proclamation, convoking an assembly of notables from among the Jewish body of France and Italy. The deputies were to be 110 in number, and to be selected from the rabbis and other learned and influential classes. Our British fathers were considerably astonished at the appearance of this proclamation, and did not hesitate to attribute a multitude of selfish motives to the emperor, some of which read very absurdly at the present day. The day fixed for the first meeting was the 26th July—a Sabbath-day. The Minister of the Interior, on being informed of his blunder, postponed the meeting till the next day. A public hall and a guard of honour were assigned to the deputies, who proceeded to the place of assembly under military escort. Abraham Furtado, a learned Portuguese, was appointed president. Immediately after organisation, the assembly drew up an address of thanks to the emperor. On the second day of assembly, the three imperial commissioners entered the hall, and presented a list of twelve questions, to which the emperor requested categorical answers. These questions and the answers thereto have a historical value, because it is only on this occasion that Hebrewdom has been solemnly and formally called upon to make a full and frank explanation of its real or supposed civil peculiarities in the face of all Christendom; and also, that a representative of Christendom has vouchsafed an express and unqualified approval of the positions taken up by this obstinate and steadfast minority. The proceedings of the assembly have been preserved in both French and German, and from them we extract the following complete series of questions and answers.

May the Jews marry several wives?—*Ans.* The Jews, following the common custom in Europe, may only have one wife. This has been the law since the Synod of Worms, under Rabbi Gershon (held in 1030), although Moses does not prohibit polygamy.\*

Do Jewish laws allow of divorce? Is the divorce valid without a judicial determination and the observance of the regular forms of French legal process?—*Ans.* Divorce is allowed. But the Jews everywhere acknowledge in civil affairs the law of the land, and therefore admit no divorce to be valid without the sanction of a judicial decree, where this is enjoined by the law.

May Jews intermarry with Christians, or may Jews only intermarry among themselves?—*Ans.* The intermingling with Christians is not condemned by our law. The old law against marriage with foreigners only concerned the heathen. The hindrances that have hitherto existed to mixed marriages between Jews and Christians consist chiefly in the religious

\* After the Babylonish captivity, polygamy went out of use. Even in polygamous times, the limit of four wives, two free and two slaves, was seldom exceeded. This was also the limit enjoined by Mohammed.

ceremonies attendant on the marriage-rite, about which the Christian clergy and the rabbis are at variance. A marriage contracted without the assistance of a rabbi is considered by the rabbis as valid, and the Jewish party to the marriage is always still deemed to be a member of the Jewish community.

Are Frenchmen regarded by the Jews as foreigners or as brethren?—*Ans.* The Jews in France look upon Frenchmen as brethren only. Moses had enjoined good-will towards foreigners; how much more fraternal feeling must Jews feel towards those who live in the same country with them, enjoy the same laws, and the same education—to whose humanity, moreover, it is owing that the former now feel the benefit of the highest civil status.

In lawsuits, how should Jews conduct themselves towards Frenchmen?—*Ans.* Exactly as towards Jews. Only in the worship of God are they different.

Do the Jews born in France regard this as their fatherland, and consider themselves bound to defend her? Do they owe obedience to the laws of the land?—*Ans.* The French Jews, even under cruel persecutions, looked upon France as their fatherland, how much more now after the concession to them of equal civil rights. In war, too, the Jews have already given proof of their patriotism.

Who appoints the rabbis?—*Ans.* The form of the election of the rabbi, generally conducted by the heads of families according to a majority vote, is, however, undefined and fluctuating.

What jurisdiction does the rabbi exercise?—*Ans.* None whatever. The law recognises none. The sanhedrim, consisting of seventy-one councillors, at Jerusalem, constituted the highest tribunal in former times. Each chief town had a lower court of twenty-three members, and a board of arbitrators was in every place. The modern tribunals have been constituted by the later rabbis. Their power was more or less limited by the law of the land, and in France and Italy, since the Revolution, is annihilated. They have now only religious functions to perform, which, moreover, every educated Jew can discharge without offence.

Are the election and authority of the rabbis established by the law or by tradition?—*Ans.* Everything relating to the rabbis is traditional only.

Are there trades which the Jews may not follow?—*Ans.* All trades are allowed to the Jews. The Talmud even enjoins the learning of a trade as a civil duty.

Is usury forbidden by 'the Law' between Jews themselves, and is the taking of usurious interest from aliens allowed or forbidden?—*Ans.* The law of Moses forbids all unlawful interest. This was no commercial regulation, but only a measure of benevolence among an agricultural people. Interest may therefore be taken from foreigners, because it is here a commercial necessity. The Talmud allowed interest in trade even between Jews. Of course, this means only legal interest. If, then, certain rabbis have only sanctioned the taking of interest from Christians, they are mistaken. The Jews hold as infamous every sort of usury, albeit usurers are found among them as among Christians.

The settlement of these answers occupied three sittings. On the 12th of August, they were handed to the commissioners, who, on the 18th of September, reappeared with the reply of the emperor, which expressed his approval of the statements of the deputies, and declared his intention to summon to Paris a great sanhedrim of French and Italian Jews, to aid him in giving a regular and recognised organisation to their scattered communities. Of the members of this sanhedrim, which was to consist of the traditional number of seventy-one, two-thirds were to be rabbis. A committee of the deputies were to nominate the members of the sanhedrim. The deputies were requested to advertise this project, so

that it might come to the knowledge of the Jews in every part of Europe, who would probably be incited to send deputies to the sanhedrim. An announcement to this effect was published in October in French, Italian, and Hebrew, and drew forth responses from every part of Europe. The sanhedrim did not open till February 9, 1807. The rabbis ranged themselves on each side of the president, the laity occupying the centre. Deputations from foreign Jews on behalf of their several communities submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the French sanhedrim. At its third sitting, polygamy was expressly forbidden, except where it was allowed by the law of the land. The proceedings of the assembly of deputies were ratified, and on March 9, the sanhedrim closed amid cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' 'Vive l'Impératrice,' 'Vive l'auguste famille impériale!' From this time dates the first general organisation of the French Jews into provincial and central consistories. From returns gathered by the first central consistory, it appears that the number of Jews in France amounted at that time to 80,000.

### CARRYING DISPATCHES.

DURING the hottest part of the last American war, I was stationed at Dunn's Fort, one of the long line of military posts scattered at distant intervals near the southern shores of Lake Erie. Our fort was unusually strong in position, occupying the summit of a conical hill, surrounded by a table-land; and though many a fierce assault had been made against it; though our outer stockade had been a ring of flames; though thousands of Indians had leaped, and yelled, and raged against our ramparts, and American sharpshooters sent a bullet through each head which shewed above its shelter, our walls were still intact, nay, stronger than at the first; for after each attack we were sure to perceive some weak point, which even our limited means enabled us to strengthen, until at length Dunn's Fort stood upon its hill as complete a fortification in its way as it was possible to see.

Gradually all the neighbouring posts fell beneath the overwhelming numbers the enemy were able to bring against them; the remnants of their little garrisons either fighting their way through their assailants, or departing under the terms of a capitulation, all found a refuge with us, until our garrison was tolerably numerous, and the brave old bunting above our heads the only British flag that floated on the breeze for more than a hundred miles. However, this latter circumstance brought on us an evil we had not foreseen. The enemy, no longer engaged in harassing a dozen posts, gradually concentrated round Dunn's Fort, until we found ourselves within a complete cordon of foes, who watched us so closely, night and day, that it seemed scarce a pigeon could fly through the air or a mole make its underground way without their knowledge.

It soon appeared their intention was rather to cut off our supplies, and so reduce us, than to hazard another assault, though we were almost nightly disturbed by feigned attacks, which the least disregard might have converted into real ones, and which compelled us to burn our powder in a way we could little afford. Fortunately, a deep well within our defences furnished us with water, of which our enemies could not deprive us, but we soon began to feel the loss of the supplies they so rigorously intercepted. There was plenty of jesting on the subject at first, for hunger and hardship are evils the British soldier bears with a light heart. But soon we had a more serious anxiety—our powder was getting low, and we began to fear a time might come when there would be nothing but bayonets wherewith to repulse an assault.

Tidings of our condition had twice been sent to head-quarters by the only two friendly Indians we had, who undertook separately to 'run the blockade'



established around us. Anxiously we looked for the aid we had requested, but it never came; and the persistence of the enemy in endeavouring to draw our fire, convinced us that our messengers with their dispatches had fallen into their hands. It was evident some one else must carry the news, or try to do so, and I was delighted when, out of the six young subalterns who volunteered, the lot fell to me.

It was a little past midnight when I shook hands with my friends, and stole out of the fort to commence what all knew to be a hazardous undertaking. The night was intensely dark; there was no moon, and a cloudy veil shrouded the stars as I commenced my enterprise. My first difficulty was how to descend the hill, for a human form shewing against even that dark sky would have called forth a dozen shots. However, I safely effected it by creeping Indian-like at full length down a hollow, until at the foot I paused in the lee of a huge pudding-stone to recover breath, and decide how I had best proceed.

Another moment, and I heard the tread of an approaching patrol. I lay still as death, while they passed within a yard of me, jesting coarsely in their nasal tones on the straits to which they were reducing the 'Britishers,' who, as they truly observed, having no Indians left, must run their errands themselves if they wanted them carried.

After the patrol had passed, I spent a full hour in dodging along from one tree or stump to another, still advancing on my way, though slowly, while I watched intently for some gap in the living girdle through which I might glide unperceived; but every thicket was in possession of the enemy, while the open spaces between could be scanned at a glance by the ring of sentinels, who held their posts with a vigilance not a little stimulated by their hatred of the British foe. A furlong off was a second armed circle, and beyond, a third, so that we were shut within a triple belt of enemies.

Meanwhile, the clouds had vanished from the sky, giving place to ten thousand stars, which flashed down through the summer night, rendering it scarce darker than twilight, and doubling the risk of discovery. At length the nearest sentinel began to whistle *Yankee Doodle* as he steadily trod his beat; I took it for a good omen, and when he turned the tune and his back, I darted on to the shelter of a stump, and thence to that of a knot of prairie-grass, and so was past him. The second row of guards next engaged my attention; the individual among them it was my aim to pass, was staring earnestly enough about him with his great lacklustre eyes; but suddenly a screaming and screeching, and a fierce flutter of feathers, broke the silence; two night-hawks had attacked the same titmouse, and they were doing battle in the air over their prey. The American looked overhead to watch the combatants, and quick as thought, I crept along the ground to a neighbouring gully, in whose depths I sped down safely to the precincts of the third and last military Argus I expected to encounter. But here the shelter of the hollow failed me, and I was glad to crouch beside an adjoining bush to await the next opportunity.

This did not seem likely to arrive very speedily. My new opponent neither whistled nor noticed anything in heaven or earth save his own duty, and about that he appeared very wide awake indeed, looking belligerently under every stone, and almost into every stump, as if he thought Britishers were no bigger than tree-frogs. On he came, treading heavily on the parched grass, and turning right and left to inspect every object in his progress.

There was little hope that he would omit my refuge, but in my desire to keep a watch on him, I slightly shook a spray; the sharp eye of the American at once perceived the vibration, and he bounded towards the bush; but at the same moment I started to my feet, and closed with him, seizing his musket

before he was prepared for such an encounter. For a moment there was a fierce struggle, and then I succeeded in wresting the weapon from him, a victory he avenged by a loud cry, which was in fact the alarm. In my turn, I avenged the cry by a blow with the butt-end of his musket, which laid him stunned and harmless on the ground; then throwing the gun beside him, I started off at full speed across the plain.

As I fled, I could hear the alarm pass like a long reverberating echo round the outposts of the enemy, followed by the rapid tread of the men who were already hurrying in pursuit. It needed but the remembrance of the importance of my mission to add wings to my steps, and I made an arrowy flight of it towards the Rashadi River, whose wooded banks promised to afford me shelter. But my pursuers had almost as urgent a motive as myself, since on my capture might depend the possession of the fort; and with swift and untiring footsteps they hastened after me.

It was a breathless chase, over hills, across valleys, and past patches of bush, where I dared not seek shelter; every now and then an eager shout, or the sharp crack of a musket, breaking the silence, while the succeeding whizz of a bullet near me, shewed my enemies were straight upon my track.

Day at length broke, and still that fearful race continued, though each moment I thought it must end, and that I must creep beneath some bush, and die. But the thought of my suffering comrades upheld me, and I still pressed on, and the fleet-footed men behind me pressed on also. At last, crossing a rising-ground, they sighted me: what a shout of savage triumph they sent echoing through the wilds!—it was like the howl of a wild beast, and gave fresh impetus to my flagging footsteps. A dozen muskets sent their leaden messengers after me, but, almost by a miracle, I escaped unhurt, and the next moment reaching the Rashadi bush, I plunged into its cover.

The foe still followed. I could hear them divide, and beat the bush in every direction, in quest of the human game they had almost driven to bay. Closer and closer they came, until I had but one resource left, and that a desperate one—to dash for the nearest bend of the river, and endeavour to swim across. At the spot I gained, the bank was high and bare, and as I leaped from it, I felt there was little hope for one so breathless and exhausted as I was. But my plunge into the water—which was unusually deep in shore—suggested an expedient, and wading rapidly along close under the bank, I dived beneath the fringing hemlock boughs which dipped into the river a little further down, and standing there up to my neck in water, with the clustering foliage sheltering my head from hostile eyes, I awaited the result.

Scarcely was I posted, when my pursuers were at the river's side in eager quest of me, wondering whether I lay like a stone at the bottom of the stream, or was darting like a fish through its waters; and muskets were levelled at every unfortunate duck which shewed dark on its glancing surface. They searched, too, along the bank, beating the bush right and left, and lightened the labour by jocular allusions to the reward I should have for the trouble I had given them.

For three mortal hours I stood there, listening to the movements of my foes, and to their fierce repinings over their disappointment. At length, they slowly and regretfully retired, and I was again free to move. The day was intensely hot, but I was cool enough; and when I emerged from the water, I was so stiff I could scarcely crawl. There was one comfort, however—my dispatches were not injured, since they were but verbal ones, that the enemy might learn no more secrets by killing or capturing me.

The exertion of walking rendered my legs more

unable, and following the course of the river, I went on diligently. But, after a time, the wind rose, and rushing through my saturated clothes, made me shiver as in an ague-fit. I was really ill, and so utterly wearied and exhausted, that I could go no further. I must find some nook to rest in, though the prospect of lying down in my wet clothes was far from pleasant.

Looking round, I caught sight of a little cottage under the trees—one of the smallest of backwoods shanties, built of the still round trunks of trees plastered with clay, and with a short clay-chimney like a stork's nest perched at one end. I at once resolved on seeking admittance; but ere I could reach the door, it opened, and an old woman in a short gown and sun-bonnet appeared at it. She started at sight of me.

'Eh, lad, but yo' frightened me!' she exclaimed, in the north-country dialect of my own land. 'And how bad thee look'st, as if thee'd been swimming t' river. But coom in, lad, coom in, and dry thee; for t' sake o' t' oud land at hoam thee'll be kindly welcome,' she added, looking at my British uniform.

She led the way into the hut, where a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and summoned her 'oud man' from his work in some unseen garden, to find me a change of clothes, while mine should be dried. Never were people more delighted than the simple couple, who, so far away from their own land, and dwelling in another which, since their settlement, had changed its allegiance, had rarely a chance of seeing a native of their still unforgotten country.

Every kindness in their power was eagerly lavished on me; and when I was dryly clad in a suit of Adam Burdon's gray homespun, and had eaten and drunk, the wooden settle was drawn at one side the fire, that I might sleep, and the good dame ranged my wet garments on the other. Meanwhile Adam himself dried and burnished my dripping sword, and replacing it in the scabbard, put it carefully in a corner. The restoration of my pistols to usefulness would be a more tedious process, and it was for the present deferred.

How long I had slept, I know not, when I was awakened by a loud voice exclaiming with a Yankee drawl: 'Mother, mother, where are you?'

'Why, here, to be sure—where else should'st be?' answered the old dame cheerily, as she came from the inner room. 'But we had no thought to see thee, Jem.'

'Then it's an unexpected pleasure,' was somewhat gruffly replied; and I opened my sleepy eyes to see a tall powerful young man, attired in some dark uniform, and with a bugle slung over one shoulder. To my infinite astonishment, he held my sword in his hand, and I at once started up to repossess myself of it. 'But who have you here, mother?' he added abruptly, and glancing from me to my uniform.

'A lad fra' t' oud country; he was wet and weary, and I asked un in. He's an officer o' King George, but that's naught to thee.'

'No,' he said roughly; 'but he is a spy of King George, and that is.'

I indignantly denied the accusation, pointing out to the new-comer (whose last words had, to my surprise, announced him a partisan of the United States) the scarlet coat which had only been removed to be dried, and the same time striving to regain my sword.

'Let it alone,' he cried in a voice of thunder; then wresting it from me with herculean strength, he dashed it through the window, scarce a foot square.

I sprang forward to go in quest of it, while the tones of the bugle rang deafeningly through the room; and when I opened the door, a band of armed men, similarly attired to my host's son, rushed in.

'Stop him!' cried young Burdon; 'he is a spy!'

The next moment, twenty arms were thrown round me, and I stood as if shackled within their iron

pressure. Never shall I forget the scene that followed—how earnestly I disclaimed the character they thrust upon me, pointing again to the uniform I had so lately doffed. Young Burdon and his fellow Rifle-rangers would listen to no explanation; loudly and blusteringly, they exclaimed that they had found me, a British officer, in coloured clothes, and that I must abide the result; and without delay my arms were bound across my breast, and I was held in close ward between two guards.

With tears his mother entreated my release, or that my blood would rest upon her head. Sadly and solemnly the father begged his son not to dishonour his humble roof; but the patriotic zeal of the young American soared high above all such filial weaknesses, and he laughed the suppliants to scorn.

'It was bad enough to have traitorous parents,' he said, 'without their making their house a nest for other traitors; and if he heard of more of this, he would fire the roof above their heads.' And there was a frown on his brow, and a fiendish flash in his eye, which convinced us his words were meant.

He then gave orders to his men to close round the prisoner, and march to head-quarters. Thus I was again in motion, but turning my back on my former route, with a sad and heavy heart, for my mission had utterly failed, and I was a prisoner under a fearful though false charge. If I met with no more scrupulous men than my present captors, I was sure of a horrible and ignominious death. It was a sad end to all the high hopes and lofty aspirations with which I had entered on my country's service; and almost unconsciously my thoughts wandered back to the home of my youth, and to those I loved, and I fervently prayed that they might never hear by how terrible a path the one so dear to them had passed out of the world.

Night at length fell on our dreary march; soon after the red glow of a fire flashed above the trees, and we immediately made towards the spot. It proved to be the bivouac of a considerable body of Rifle-rangers, with whom my captors joined company.

With a shout of mingled execration and delight, the other party heard the tidings that a British spy had been taken, and during the wild carousal which followed, innumerable were the insults and coarse sarcasms showered on me, as I sat powerless near the fire, between the guards, who never left me.

As the night wore on, higher and louder grew the enthusiasm of the Rangers in their country's cause; they drank to her in fiercely worded toasts, and sang in her honour long snuffling ballads, brimful of rancour towards her foes.

At length their exultation rose to the pitch of resolving, amid deafening cheers, that, as there could be no doubt of their prisoner's guilt, they should execute him without delay; and dark as was the night, a dozen ready volunteers ranged round the camp seeking two fitting trees, between which to erect the gibbet on which I should expiate the crime of British lineage and loyalty.

It was horrible to sit there and watch their glee over their self-set task, horrible to think that probably within the hour I must know that my dying agonies would rejoice my executioners.

At last all was completed; a stout sapling was laid between the branches of two neighbouring trees, and even the fatal noose was dangling in my view, when by a sudden whim, my captors resolved to delay my doom until morning. Again song, and toast, and gibe was resumed; but gradually the tumult settled down, until all were sleeping soundly on the grass—all save me and my warders, who sat watching me with staring eyes. I affected to sleep also. As I lay, I could hear them discussing, in low tones, the particulars of the coming event; but after a time, that interesting subject failed, and no other succeeded it. Gradually, the silence, the hour, and the fatigue

they had undergone, did their work, and despite their best intentions, my guards began to nod and doze.

I watched them through my half-closed eyes, and a throb of hope bounded through my heart. As I lay, I had not been idle, but with patient teeth had gnawed in two the rope which bound my arms; and I now paused only to consider whether I had best wait until my jailers slept. But the remembrance that I knew not how soon they might be changed, brought me to my feet in a moment. The next, with long leaps like a panther, I was bounding over the slumbering soldiers; and by the time the shouts of my startled warders had aroused them, I had gained the shelter of the bush.

With a roar like a sudden tempest, the Rangers rushed into the forest after me. But in the darkness of night, they could not trace me; moreover, fleeing from such a death, my speed exceeded theirs; and though for more than an hour I could distinguish their voices, and hear them breaking the branches on my track, the sounds gradually died away, and before dawn, I was in the solitary wilderness.

Never before had the rising sun and all he looked on appeared so lovely in my eyes, and with a glad and grateful heart, I resumed my interrupted journey. Without further accident, I arrived at Fort George; and within a week, I had the happiness of returning to Dunn's Fort with the relief it so greatly needed, by which we were enabled to hold the post until the end of the war, when it was ceded to the Americans.

#### THE STORY OF THE EDDYSTONE.

It is should be inquired what order of men peculiarly deserve the title of England's worthies, we might have some hesitation in replying. Our country has produced so many eminent men in so many different walks of life, that we should feel embarrassed by abundance. Most persons would be inclined, perhaps, to answer, Sailors—a class of which England may well indeed be proud; but although the profession of mariner has long been her specialty, as it once was that of Venice and of Holland, it is not so much her peculiar monopoly as is another calling—that of Civil Engineer. All the world over, wherever any work of difficulty is to be attempted—a railway across a Russian bog, a suspension-bridge in Mid-Hungary, a telegraph to connect two continents, a channel to unite two seas, an English engineer is always found at the head of affairs, and not seldom with a little army of English labourers under him.

It is from this last class that the Brindleys, Telfords, Rennies, Stephenson's, and almost all their mechanical brethren, have sprung. Our men of practical science have never been born with silver spoons in their mouths; moreover, the state has never recognised their services, notwithstanding that they are the greatest and most obvious that can be rendered by man to his native country. A knighthood, or at most a baronetcy, has been the highest reward which has been offered (and in most cases refused by them) to those who have bridged the waters and the air, and annihilated time and space for our convenience. Under these unfashionable circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the biographies of even our most celebrated engineers have not, until very lately, been considered worthy of public attention, and that the Life of Telford himself fell still-born from the press.

As for Captain Perry, thanks to whom we sail up and down the Thames without impediment; for blind John Metcalf, to whom Yorkshire owes its roads; for William Edwards, by whose help his fellow-countrymen cross their Welsh torrents dry-shod; and for Andrew Meikle, who invented the thrashing-machine, not one in fifty of us ever heard the names of these ingenious and useful persons. 'Mickle the translator of another man's invention in the shape of a poem (the

*Lusiad*), is well reported of,' says Mr Smiles with bitterness, 'but his almost namesake is not even mentioned.' Mr Smiles himself, however, inaugurated a new era in his *Life of Stephenson*; and that has lately been followed by his far more interesting and comprehensive work, the *Lives of the Engineers*. How few of us, but for him, would be aware that the Thames is an artificial river almost from Richmond to the sea, and that before human industry confined it within its present channel, it was a broad estuary several miles wide between London and Gravesend; that the higher tides washed over Southwark and Lambeth; and that the district called Marsh still reminds us of its former state, as Bankside informs us of the mode by which it was reclaimed by the banking out of the tidal waters.

Dagenham Lake, to which the Londoners resort for picnic purposes, and wherefrom the funnels of the passing steam-boats and the upper sails of ships present so singular an appearance above the Thames embankment, was entirely formed by the overflow of that river. The great Dagenham Breach, a hundred feet wide, and thirty feet deep at low water, defied all the engineering skill of England a century ago. A thousand acres of rich land were spoiled by it, and a hundred and twenty completely washed away. Old ships were sunk, filled with chalk and stones, which the rising stream floated away like so many chips, although every cargo of chalk and ballast that passed by it paid its tithe. That royal ship, called the *Lion*, even was sunk there, and went to pieces the next tide, leaving the breach twenty feet deeper. How Captain Perry stopped this up at last, must be read in Mr Smiles's volumes. In those, too, may be read the history of the great Fens of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, a district, containing 680,000 acres of the best land in England, but which is as much the product of art as is the kingdom of Holland, opposite to which it lies. Even Canute had seen the necessity of doing something there in the way of drainage; for, sailing across the Fens with his ships from Ramsey to Peterborough, the waves were so boisterous on Whittlesea Mere (now a district of thriving corn-fields), that he ordered a channel to be cut through the body of the fen, which to this day goes by the name of the King's Delf. The isle of Ely was really an island then, and many a town and village whereat Cantabs of later times have dined and revelled, mere morass and water. The rearguard of King John's army was swallowed up during one of the frequent visits of the Sea to its kindred the Fens. Then came Sir Cornelius Vermuyden with his Hollanders, and drained and populated the place, and all was well until the civil war broke out, and the rumour reached the parliament committee sitting at Lincoln, that Sir Ralph Hunsby was about to march with a great force of Malignants into the isle of Axholme. Orders were therefore given to break up the floodgates, and in a single night the results of many a year's hard labour were undone. The people who carried out this cruel edict were only too glad of the opportunity; they were the ancient dwellers in the swamp, anarers of fowl and netters of fish, and when some of the poor Hollanders would have stopped the devastation, these stood by with loaded guns, and swore they would stay till the whole levels were drowned again, and the foreigners forced to swim away like ducks.

Let no one be deterred from Mr Smiles's volumes by the apprehension that they treat of mere mechanical matters—that he will be bored by tunnels all the way through. He has handled science as cleverly as Macaulay did history; and the incidental information scattered through his narrative is to the full as interesting as its main subjects. We are introduced, for instance, by the humble means of the New River, not only to Sir Hugh Myddleton, but to the times in which he lived, when the water-monopolists were the bucket-men of the streets, whose Protectionist cry was,



'Fresh and fair water; none of your pipe-sludge'—which was not complimentary to the New River Company. The narrative of the great Bridgewater Canal is interspersed with matters other than scientific; graphic pictures of the persevering Duke who dug it, and lived on four hundred a year, so that his workmen should get their wages, as well as of the scarce more rugged Brindley, whose genius had suggested it, and who was so wrapped up in his profession, that when, before a committee of the House of Commons, he was asked: 'What, then, Mr Brindley, do you think is the use of navigable rivers?' he answered: 'To make canal navigations, to be sure.'

Of all the men of science Mr Smiles has depicted, however, Thomas Telford is by far the most striking and attractive. He was fond of writing poetry, and even privately published a very pleasant volume of it upon the beauties of his native Eekdale; while his whole life, so matter-of-fact in other respects, was in others a poem. His love for that valley in the far-away north, where he had lived his shepherd-life, abode with him to the last. He delighted to benefit all belonging to it, from his dear mother at her cottage, the Crooks, for whose dim eyes he carefully printed his letters, down to the unknown generation which had been born since that which knew him as Laughing Tam. His purse was always open to the aged there, and his assistance ready for the young who left that sequestered spot to make their fortune, as he had done before them, in the roaring town. No wonder that he was the friend of such men as Campbell and Southey; the latter of whom (who hated men of science generally) dubbed this great road-maker and bridge-maker, Colossus of Rhodes and Pontifex Maximus.

Useful and excellent as were all Thomas Telford's works, however, he lacked the accomplishment of that one engineering task which secures above all others the admiration of age after age—he never built a light-house. No rock-set Pharos, begirt by boiling seas, owes its lonely being to him; although, if such work had lain in his way, he would doubtless have perfected it as well as a Rennie or a Smeaton. The last-named engineer is the hero of the story of the Eddystone.

The Eddystone forms the crest of a great reef of rocks, fourteen miles out to sea, to the south of Plymouth Harbour, and lying in the very path of the vessels that use the English Channel. At low water, the black and jagged rims of it is perceptible, but at high water they are almost entirely submerged; and sloping as they do towards the south-west, from which the heaviest seas come, the waves break over it, and boil and eddy among its reefs with tremendous violence. Many a gallant ship, almost in sight of home, has gone to pieces upon that pitiless crag, and in overanxiety to avoid it, many more have left their timbers upon the well-nigh as dangerous rocks of Jersey and Guernsey. It was long before any one dreamed of placing a beacon upon this difficult spot, but at length one Mr Henry Winstanley, 'a mercer and country gentleman' of Essex, obtained the necessary powers, in 1696, to erect a light-house on the Eddystone. 'This gentleman seems to have possessed a curious mechanical genius, which first displayed itself in devising sundry practical jokes for the entertainment of his guests. Smeaton tells us, that in one room there lay an old slipper, which, if a kick was given it, immediately raised a ghost from the floor; in another, the visitor sat down upon a chair, which suddenly threw out two arms, and held him a fast prisoner; whilst in the garden, if he sought the shelter of an arbour, and sat down upon a particular seat, he was straightway set afloat into the middle of the adjoining canal. These tricks must have rendered the house at Littlebury a somewhat exciting residence for the uninitiated guest. The amateur inventor exercised the same genius to a

certain extent for the entertainment of the inhabitants of the metropolis; and at Hyde Park Corner, he erected a variety of jets-d'eau, known by the name of Winstanley's Waterworks, which he exhibited at stated times at a shilling a head.'

This character of the man accounts, perhaps, for the whimsical design of the wooden building that he placed on Eddystone; but it is much to his credit that it stood in such a spot through several winters. The building was finished in four years. The first summer was wholly spent in making twelve holes in the rock, and fastening twelve irons in them by which to hold the superstructure. 'Even in summer,' says Winstanley, 'the weather would at times prove so bad, that for ten or fourteen days together, the sea would be so raging about these rocks, caused by out-winds and the running of the ground seas coming from the main ocean, that although the weather should seem and be most calm in other places, yet here it would mount and fly more than two hundred feet, as has been so found since there was lodgment on the place, and therefore all our works were constantly buried at those times, and exposed to the mercy of the seas. The second summer was spent in making a solid pillar, twelve feet high, and fourteen feet in diameter, on which to set the light-house. In the third year, all the upper work was erected to the vane, which was eighty feet above the foundation. In the mid-summer of that year, Winstanley ventured to take up his lodging with the workmen in the light-house; but a storm arose, and eleven days passed before any boats could come near them. During that period, the sea washed in upon Winstanley and his companions, wetting all their clothing and provisions, and carrying off many of their materials. By the time the boats could land, the party were reduced almost to their last crust; but happily the building stood apparently firm. Finally, the light was exhibited on the 14th November 1698.' This timber edifice much resembled a Chinese pagoda, with open galleries, and numerous fantastic projections. The main gallery underneath the light was so wide and open, that it was 'possible for a six-oared galley to be lifted up on a wave, and driven clean through into the sea on the other side.' When Mr Winstanley's work was finished, he was so satisfied with its strength, that he expressed a wish that he might only be there in the fiercest storm that ever blew; and this desire was unhappily gratified. 'In November 1703, Winstanley went off to the light-house to superintend some repairs which had become necessary, and he was still in the place with the light-keepers, when, on the night of the 26th, a storm of unparalleled violence burst along the coast. As day broke on the morning of the 27th, people on shore anxiously looked in the direction of the rock, to see if Winstanley's structure had withstood the fury of the gale; but not a vestige of it remained. The light-house and its builder had been swept completely away.'

Immediately after the destruction of this too daring pagoda, the *Winchelsea*, a richly laden Virginianman, was wrecked on Eddystone, with the loss of almost all on board, so that the necessity of another beacon was pressed upon the public mind. Engineers, as a class, did not as yet exist; and, singularly enough, the next projector of a light-house for the reef was, like his predecessor, a mercer, one John Rudyard, who kept a silk-shop on Ludgate Hill. His design for the new structure was simple and masterly. He selected the form that offered the least resistance to the winds and waves, avoiding open galleries and projections, and instead of a polygon, he chose a cone for the outline of his building. Its main defect consisted in the material of which it was built, for, like Winstanley's, it was of wood. 'The means employed to fix the work to its foundations proved quite efficient: dove-tailed holes were cut out of the rock, into which strong iron bolts were keyed, and the interstices were

afterwards filled in with molten pewter. To these bolts were firmly fixed a crown of squared oak balks, and across these a set of shorter balks; and so on, till a basement of solid wood was raised, the whole being firmly fitted and tied together with treenails and screw-bolts. The structure was not completely finished till 1709, though the light was exhibited in the lantern as early as July 1706. This light-house of Mr Rudyerd's withstood the fury of the elements for nearly fifty years, during which several curious circumstances happened with respect to it.

'There being war at the time between France and England, a French privateer took the opportunity of one day seizing the men employed upon the rock, and carrying them off prisoners to France; but the capture coming to the ears of the king, he immediately ordered that the prisoners should be released, and sent back to their work with presents, declaring, that though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind; and, moreover, that the Eddystone light-house was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel that divided France from England.

Rudyerd's house was at first attended by only two men, as the duty required no more. During the night, they kept watch by turns for four hours, alternately snuffing and renewing the candles. It happened, however, that one of the keepers took ill and died, and only one man remained to do the work. He hoisted the flag, as a signal to those on land to come off to his assistance; but the sea was running so wild at the time, that no boat could live in the vicinity of the rock; and the same rough weather lasted nearly a month. What was the surviving man to do with the dead body of his comrade? The thought struck him that if he threw it into the sea, he might be charged with murder. He determined, therefore, to keep the corpse in the light-house until the boat could come off from the shore. At last the boat came off, but the weather was still so rough, that a landing was only effected with the greatest difficulty. By this time the effluvia rising from the corpse was most overpowering; it completely filled the chambers of the light-house, and it was all that the men could do to get the body disposed of by throwing it into the sea. This circumstance induced the proprietors for the future to employ a third man, to supply the place of a disabled or dead keeper, though the occupation proved exceedingly healthy, on the whole. There was always a large number of candidates for any vacant office, probably of the same class to which pike-keepers belong. They must have been naturally morose, and perhaps slightly misanthropic; for Mr Smeaton relates, that some visitors having once landed at the rock, one of them observed to the light-keeper how comfortably they might live there in a state of retirement. "Yes," replied the man, "very comfortably, if we could have the use of our tongues; but it is now a full month since my partner and I have spoken to each other."

As we have said, however, the grand defect of the light-house was, that, though it could only be made useful by the constant employment of fire in some shape, it was itself of wood, and therefore combustible. 'Though the heat of the candles used in the lantern may not have been very great, still it was sufficient to produce great dryness and inflammability in the timbers lining the roof, and these being covered with a crust of soot, must have proved a constant source of danger. The immediate cause of the accident by which the light-house was destroyed was never ascertained. All that became known was, that about two o'clock in the morning of the 2d December 1755, the light-keeper on duty, going into the lantern to snuff the candles, found it full of smoke. The light-house was on fire! In a few minutes, the wooden fabric was in a blaze. Water could not be brought up the

tower by the men in sufficient quantities to be thrown with any effect upon the flames raging above their heads. The molten lead fell down upon the light-keepers, into their very mouths, and they fled from room to room, the fire following them down towards the sea. From Cawsand and Ramehead the unusual glare of light proceeding from the Eddystone was seen in the early morning, and fishing-boats with men went off to the rock, though a fresh east wind was blowing. By the time they reached it, the light-keepers had not only been driven from all the rooms, but, to protect themselves from the molten lead, and red-hot bolts, and falling timbers, they had been compelled to take shelter under a ledge of the rock on its eastern side, and, after considerable delay, the poor fellows were taken off more dead than alive. And thus was Rudyerd's light-house also completely destroyed.'

The increase of commerce had now rendered a light on Eddystone more indispensable than ever, and no time was lost in applying to Mr Smeaton to erect a third. This gentleman was not indeed a mercer, but neither was he architect or engineer; he was a mathematical instrument-maker. The subject was, of course, wholly new to him, but he at once began to investigate it thoroughly. One of the earliest conclusions he arrived at, in spite of many representations made to him, that 'nothing but wood would stand on the Eddystone,' was, that stone was the proper material with which to build. Durability was the great object which he always kept in view. 'In contemplating,' said he, 'the use and benefit of such a structure as this, my ideas of what its duration and continued existence ought to be, were not confined within the boundary of one Age or two, but extended themselves to look towards a possible perpetuity.' The idea of the bole of a spreading oak-tree presented itself as being the most proper model for strength. In considering how to bind the blocks of stone to the rock and to each other, he dismissed the notion of iron cramps as insufficient, and adopted that of dovetailing—a practice then almost entirely confined to carpentry. By thus rooting the foundations into the rock, and binding every stone by a similar process to every other stone in each course, upon which the sea could only act edgewise, he conceived that he should be able to erect a building of strength sufficient to resist the strongest force of winds and waves that was likely to be brought against it. All this was done on paper before he had even paid a visit to the site of the proposed edifice. On the 2d of April 1756, Smeaton set sail from Plymouth, but on reaching the Eddystone, the sea was breaking over it with such violence that it was impossible to land. 'All he could do was to observe the cone of bare rock—the mere crest of the mountain whose base was laid so far down in the sea-deeps beneath—over which the waves were lashing; and so to form a more accurate idea of the excessive difficulty of his task. Three days later, he was enabled to land on the rock, and remain there examining it thoroughly for two hours. A third, a fourth, and a fifth trial were unsuccessful; but the sixth time he was enabled not only to disembark, but to lie off in his sloop all night by the side of the rock, and to resume his investigations next day. On the 3d of August, Mr Smeaton himself fixed the centre and laid down the lines, and from that time the work proceeded as quickly as bad weather and heavy seas permitted. At most, only six hours' labour could be done at a time, and when the weather was favourable, the men worked by torch-light. In order to facilitate matters, and prevent the frequent voyages to shore and back, a buss (which seems a very odd vehicle to be out at the Eddystone) called the *Neptune* was employed as a store-vessel, and rode at anchor near the rock. But all this could only take place in summer; the winter had to be

passed on shore, and was occupied in dressing stones for the ensuing season. 'The manner in which the stones were prepared in the yard, arranged in courses, and brought off in the vessels, so that they could be landed in their proper order, and fixed in their proper places, was simple and effective. When the separate pieces of which a course was to consist were hewn, they were all brought together in the work-yard, fitted upon the platform in the exact sites they were to occupy in the building, and re-marked and numbered, so that they could readily be restored to their proper relative positions.'

If there was any post of danger from which his men shrank back, Smeaton immediately stood forward, and took the first place; and his presence of mind never deserted him. 'The men were about to lay the centre-stone of the seventh course on the evening of the 11th August, when Mr Smeaton was enjoying the limited promenade afforded by the level platform of stone which had with so much difficulty been raised, but making a false step into one of the artificial cavities, and being unable to recover his balance, he fell from the brink of the work down among the rocks on the west side. The tide being low at the time, he speedily got upon his feet, and at first supposed himself little hurt, but shortly afterwards he found that one of his thumbs had been put out of joint. He reflected that he was fourteen miles from land, far from a surgeon, and that uncertain winds and waves lay between; he therefore determined to reduce the dislocation at once; and laying fast hold of the thumb with the other hand, and giving it a violent pull, it snapped into its place again, after which he proceeded to fix the centre-stone of the building.'

At the end of the second season, September 1758, the twenty-fourth course was finished, which completed the solid part of the pillar, and formed the floor of the store-room. While living at Plymouth at this time, Smeaton used to come out upon the Hoe with his telescope in the early gray of the morning, and stand gazing through it in the direction of the Rock. After a rough night at sea, he had no eye for the picturesque beauties of the Sound; his sole thought was for his light-house. 'Sometimes he had to wait long until he could see a tall white pillar of spray shoot up into the air. Thank God, it was still safe! Then, as the light grew, he could discern his building, temporary house and all, standing firm amidst the waters; and thus far satisfied, he would proceed to his workshops, his mind relieved for the day.'

By the 17th of August, in the third year, the last mason-work was done in the cutting of the words *Laus Deo* upon the level stone set over the door of the lantern. 'Round the upper storeroom, upon the course under the ceiling, had been cut at an earlier period, "Except the Lord keep the house, they labour in vain that build it." The iron-work of the balcony and the lantern were next erected, and over all the gilt ball, the screws of which Smeaton fixed with his own hands, "that in case," he says, "any of them had not held quite tight and firm, the circumstance might not have been slipped over without my knowledge." Moreover, this piece of work was dangerous as well as delicate, being performed at a height of some hundred and twenty feet above the sea. Smeaton fixed the screws while standing on four boards nailed together resting on the cupola; his assistant—Roger Cornthwaite—placing himself on the opposite side, so as to balance his weight whilst he proceeded with the operation.' The light was first exhibited on the night of the 16th of October 1759, and the column still stands as firm as on the day on which it was erected. 'At first, the men appointed as light-keepers were much alarmed by the fury of the waves during storms. The year after the light was exhibited, the sea raged so furiously, that for

twelve days together it dashed over the light-house, so that the men could not open the door of the lantern or any other. In a letter addressed to Mr Jessop by the man who visited the rock after such a storm, he says: "The house did shake as if a man had been up in a great tree. The old men were almost frightened out of their lives, wishing they had never seen the place, and cursing those that first persuaded them to go there. The fear seized them in the back, but rubbing them with oil of turpentine gave them relief." About three years after the completion of this marvellous monument of human skill, one of the most terrible storms ever known raged for days along the south-west coast; and though incalculable ruin was inflicted upon harbours and shipping, all the damage done to the light-house was repaired by a little gallipot of putty.

#### INDIAN SOCIETY.

EUROPEAN society in India consists of as many sections and subdivisions as the creeds of the natives around it. There are the celestials of the civil service, the less exclusive members of the military, and the minnows of the Little Pedlington species. These last have always been regarded by the second class as interlopers; albeit they have undoubtedly been as necessary to the conduct of the country as themselves, component parts of the machinery which has helped to mould and civilise the Indian empire. Nor have the civilians ever warmed up sufficiently to accept their military co-operators into their affectionate or condescending confidence; for, in the eyes of an Indian celestial, there is no creature fashioned after his own magnificent image. We do not propose, in this sketch, any solid analysis of that strange mosaic known by the name of society, but will merely take our reader to an 'up-country' station, and make ourselves known to the inhabitants thereof. Let us choose the city of E—.

Before we have had time to sit down and judge of the arrangements we have made in our bungalow, we must pay a round of visits to a number of residents who have never heard of our existence. We send our card in; are salaamed; enter the presence of the lady of the house; hold a desultory conversation, generally bearing upon our appreciation of the climate; and then retire. We kill four birds with one stone the first day; on the next, we visit fresh places, and probably meet some of our new acquaintances, made the day before; and so on, until we find we have discharged our duty, and served the probation which is to end in our 'being in society.' It is very soon known who and what you are; and if no black record is against you, each of the families on whom you have called is bound, by the etiquette of the country, to 'return the call,' and, subsequently, to invite you to dinner. At these dinners, the most rigid state and formality are observed, unless the guests are few, and so well known to each other that time has thawed the icy rules of custom. It is in this way that one 'gets into society' in India. Without the preliminary visit when you first arrive, the hope is forlorn, for years of neighbourhood will not produce an acquaintance. It will be seen from what we have said, that ingress to 'society' in an up-country station is not a very difficult matter; and the result is, that very often Little Pedlingtonians find themselves in an atmosphere, of which, in common with other Eastern glories, they at home had only read about. They become so inflated by the lustre of their change in life, that they misconstrue courteous toleration for affectionate encouragement. There is little Mrs Parvenue, for instance, who 'knows everybody,' but who is in a perpetual state of excitement in consequence of it. When she receives her invitations, she invariably lets the fact ooze out in her nervous



conversation. 'You are going to the Leicesters on Friday, I presume? No! Oh, very nice people indeed, very nice. You should call upon them. Whilst dining with Lady Glyddon last week, she remarked: "My dear, is not Mrs Leicester a charming woman,"' &c. This makes you understand the free-and-easy footing she is on with Lady Glyddon, wife of a K.C.B., one of the brightest lights in the local 'society,' and that is a point gained. Now, Mr Parvenue is not himself exactly in society. He is a plain, honest, straightforward sort of individual, whose ambition is to return home with a lac of rupees, see his old mother, and smoke the calumet of peace for the remaining term of his natural life. He has no notion of studying people; and he nearly sent Mrs Parvenue into hysterics by alluding, during Lady Glyddon's formal visit to her house, to the time when he used to smoke his pipe in kitchen at home with the servant. From this thoughtless observation, Lady Glyddon would be able to deduce two facts fatal to the Parvenues' position in society—first, the kitchen (back and front in one) suggested a rent of L.25 per annum; while the servant (a maid-of-all-work) smacked of the grossest plebeianism. This will not be forgotten by Lady Glyddon, you may be sure. Mr Parvenue, deriving a good income from an avocation connected with agencies or something like it, but of which Mrs Parvenue professes to know nothing, is enabled to provide his spouse with a carriage and pair, in which she performs daily rounds, and thereby keeps herself prominently before the big-wigs of the community, who might else permit her existence to escape their recollection.

Mrs Parvenue's return dinner-parties are great events in her career. To some of the invited guests they are everyday occurrences, a fact which adds to her nervousness. But Mrs Parvenue is a woman of stratagem. Her imagination being always at full tension upon the subject dearest to her heart, ever and anon bright ideas flash across her. She will give a trial dinner-party! There are a few small people like herself in the station, but who have not cared to magnify themselves. These, then, she chooses for her trial-feast, and, like Israel's scapegoats, they may bear away the penalty of any failure into the bitumen-crustured shores of their solitariness, unknown and unreported. A second 'idea' follows quickly on the heels of the first. The same chuprassee, or messenger, who distributes the invitations to the 'nobodies,' also bears twenty invitations for a week after to those in whose favour she loves to bask. He is instructed to deliver the former first. But the nobodies see the envelopes, and become impressed, if not overpowered, with Mrs Parvenue's exceedingly good position 'in society.' Literally, and without a doubt, she does know everybody! The flaws in the trial dinner-party are rectified, and the second one passes off, a success and an epoch in Mrs Parvenue's experiences.

Of her first dinner-party (the experimental one), she never speaks, but of the second she makes much. The rings and changes on those twenty people who enjoyed her hospitality are not exceeded by the famous horseshoe-and-thirty-two-nail problem. She is in conversation clover for months, and when she meets those same persons at public places of entertainment, how can they do otherwise than recognise her with beaming faces? The great result of Mrs Parvenue's auspicious career is, that poor Parvenue himself is detained in the country ten years longer than he anticipated, and, while he does not exactly know why, philosophically flatters himself that 'it's all right.'

In India, the income governs the rank in society. Glance at the big 'per-annum' salaries: lieutenant-governor, ten thousand pounds; ditto, members of council; half that sum to the secretaries to government in the financial, foreign and home departments.

A little less to mint-masters, chief-accountants, provincial secretaries, sub-treasurers, civil auditors, assay-masters, and to those high up in the public works departments. And then comes the judicial sphere, rich in its leaves and fishes. Judges of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut five thousand a year each; even the 'remembrancer of legal affairs' receives three thousand. Is this for his prodigious memory? Are there not myriads of human beings who would give three thousand a year, if they possessed it, to be 'forgetters of legal affairs?' Additional sessions judges, civil judges, inspectors of jails, magistrates, collectors and salt agents, each and all receive their three thousand a year.

In the revenue department, we get up once more to five thousand per annum. Senior and junior secretaries, assistant-superintendent of the tributary Mehals, collector of government customs, surveyor-general, superintendents of survey, astronomical assistants—say to each, my patient reader, two thousand per annum. The pay in the salt department is truly attic; the agents, the superintendents of the salt golahs, and the controller of the salt chowkies, get each their two thousand five hundred. In the opium department, the agent has still more, and his assistants a little less.

We dare not enumerate the mighty host of big-salaried men in the political sphere, in the military, in the colleges, in the medical, and in the miscellaneous; suffice it, that these, wherever they may be in India, preside over society, and regulate its aspects.

To a young man wearied of his bachelorhood, society in India affords few temptations. There are risen men who resolve to become Benedicts, and rising men have no chance with them. In Calcutta, there is an acknowledged maxim that a young male aspirant to wedlock must have his buggy and his silver teapot before he can hope for success. Here and there, now and then, eligible opportunities for the investment of one's affections present themselves, but they demand so high a figure that few pockets can stand the purchase.

In no portion of the civilised globe did reckless expenditure ever reach such a height, in modern times, as it did a score of years ago in Calcutta and the other large cities of Bengal. The marvellous profits which then poured into the princely mercantile firms seemed to intoxicate the controllers of it, who straightway left their incomes to control themselves. It was no uncommon rule then to allow the khansamar, or chief table-servant, four pounds a day for 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' and the condiments and et ceteras necessary to fill up the vacancies of the table; beyond this, wines, sauces, and other things were of course extra. Dinner was followed by cards, and the play invariably ran high. On one occasion, an 'interloper,' who had lost his savings by a reverse of fortune, arrived in Calcutta on his way home with just two hundred pounds in his pocket. The night before he took his passage, he sat down to loo with his host and his host's friends. Luck frowned upon him, and he went to bed worth less than nothing. When he awoke, he found the money he had lost piled up in one large heap on his dressing-table; and he afterwards discovered that his fellow-players, knowing his improvident character, had merely won his money to test his good resolutions, had fleeced him, and then restored the rupees, with a hope of his reformation. These habits happily exist no longer, at least in respectable society. Men have learned to look beyond to-day in India, to that to-morrow when they may ensconce themselves in well-feathered nests at home, after the manner of Mr Parvenue. Occasionally still, like the unexpected flicker of an expiring light, we hear of a seven days' feast at some old indigo planter's, when sheep and oxen are roasted whole, and the land flows with Bass's exported beer and Exshaw's cognac. Beds are made up in the most alarming places, for frolic,

not for sleep. Dancing and feasting, games of every sort that mirth ever devised, polite riot; in short, such gatherings remind one of the time when on May-day the lady-mayor sat behind her lawful lord on a crimson pillion, while the cream-coloured charger bore the conspicuous couple to the towering May-pole on the green of St Mary Overies, amid a cheering crowd. For at the old planters here, English sports are not forgotten, and in winter-time a real and live yule-log casts forth its ruddy reflections, and the boar's head of Old England appears the plump plum-pudding, in the centre of a cloud of brandy-fire. Then high for snapdragon, and the 'old soldier,' and forfeits, kissing the maid you love best, two inches off the poker, and a hundred other penalties vastly pleasant to defray; and at supper comes the toast in silence, 'To those at home.' Yes, when the mirth halts for an instant, an intenser gloom than before rushes in, and a tear drops from the eyes at mention of that toast, which, five minutes before, were glistening with joy in an uproarious blindman's buff.

But the old race of indigo planters have passed, or are quickly passing, from the face of existing things. There will soon be left no sphere in domestic life in India where the shackles of form and ceremony, or the demands of etiquette and custom can be laid aside for a meeting of old English joviality. Visiting is all that a lady has to do, or can do, in India; unless we introduce the chickenwallah and boxwallah—two hawking tradesmen who pay daily visits to her between the hours of 9 and 12 A.M. Comprehensive and fluent as Ovid's description of Chaos is acknowledged to be, it might yet have been finer had that immortal bard ever entered an apartment and found Mrs Ovid in treaty with a boxwallah. To the reflective mind, however, every incident in life has a moral to point, every stone a sermon, every running brook a truth. To judge of a woman with whom, perhaps, you have had little experience, but of whose virtues you would anxiously know more, I would say, bribe your durwan to inform you at what hour her favourite boxwallah spreads his treasures around her, and by some preconceived accident break through the laws of decorum, and enter her presence unexpectedly. To accomplish this unseen, however, would be better, and, secreted behind the folds of a purdah, scrutinise the lady in question, in the proud position of queen of Chaos. How many superfluous articles suddenly leap into immediate necessities! how many rupees as quickly pass from her small white hands into the boxwallah's Milner's safe in the corner of his dirty white kupra!

You will readily discover that the Hindu tradesman has the lady entirely in his power; that, however strongly, at his first appearance, she put on the armour of resolution, that sable heathen yet knows too well how to 'sickly it over with the pale cast of thought, till it loses the name of action.' Towards every new specimen of goods he exposes to her, she hangs as undecided between heaven and earth as the coffin of the boxwallah's god. Eve had less doubts about the apple; yet the fruit was no more highly recommended than the wares of this man, who wears the tempter's livery without the tail.

It is selfish and wicked of husbands to cherish so much ill-feeling towards these men, who give more pure delight to the 'mem sahib' than all her other morning visitants, except one, namely, the invaluable 'chickenwallah.' How many prayers for divorce would be spared Sir C. Cresswell's ears, if husbands in India only granted a *carte blanche* for their spouses to revel in 'chicken-work.' How many aching hearts would find nepenthe in a single pair of cuffs! How many trials and sufferings could be folded up in a baby's robe! How many smiles and kindly words might that husband not procure by a single pointed collar! What troubled bosom could not find peace

beneath a chemisette! What jealousies, however well grounded, might not this chicken-work resist!

When one thinks of the extravagance of men; of that reckless nature which can give so very much a thousand for cheroots, and deny their wives 'chicken-work,' one blushes for one's sex.

There are a few instances of native gentlemen mixing in European society, but only a few. The late Dwarkanath Tagore, who visited England, and eventually died there, was one of these exceptions, and rather a conspicuous one. His villa near Calcutta, now the residence of another highly gifted native nobleman, was crowded with Europeans. Every art was fostered by him, and it was his pride to gather round him such men as could aid him with their talents. He was the only native we ever heard of who admired English music; but while he became a convert to our melody, he never lessened his appreciation of his own. The infamous Nana Sahib may be said to have been in society, though he preferred dispensing hospitality to receiving it; but no one who ever passed an evening at his palace will readily forget it. He was handsome, and not very dark, and his face lighted up at times with an expression excessively agreeable. The maharajah of Burdwan is also very fond of entertaining Europeans of distinction, but he never visits his guests in return.

It will be many years before a free and cordial interchange of civilities exists between the Europeans and the natives, for the latter must be differently educated before they can either aspire to, or be fit for, the proud distinction so valued by Mrs Parvenue, of 'being in society.'

#### THE WINTER ROBIN.

SWEET bird! stol't thou the hue  
On thy warm breast from some bright rose's cheek,  
Ere summer waned, and thou didst dip thy beak  
In chalice of dew?

Thy charming lay has called  
Me from my book and cheerful fire to see  
Thee on thy moss-throne by the alder-tree,  
A blithe song-king installed.

List'ning to thee, O bird!  
We well might deem the glowing summer here,  
When earth's full chorus rings out sweet and clear,  
And hearts to love are stirred.

Black-bird and thrush are mute,  
Berry and leaf in chrysalis of snow,  
And yet in this dark hour, to gloom a foe,  
Thou tun'st thy little lute.

A universal love,  
O faithful winter-minstrel, thou hast won!  
We prize thee more because thou sing'st *alone*,  
Sad hearts to joy to move.

I love to see thine eye  
Dart a thank-glance towards my window-sill,  
Where well thou know'st thou oft hast fed, and still  
Shalt find a sweet supply.

It were a hateful part  
To listen to thy music selfishly,  
When e'en a crumb's a rich repast for thee,  
And merrier makes thy heart.

O Crimson-breast, until  
Music seems discord, when I hear thy strain,  
I'll spread thy banquet 'neath my window-pane,  
And feel thy debtor still.

J. E.